

FAYETTEVILLE



OBSERVER.

ALFRED H. BERRY, JR.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

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REVIEWS.

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POETRY.

My Little Cousins.

BY WINTHROP M. PRAED.

Laugh on fair Cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice, whose every word is song,
Will be a self to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow you'll be shedding tears—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Oh yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme—
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream—
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way;
At least he'll run with you a league—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinner still, and see
The earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept—
I am no more a boy!
I've never had the goat's true, true,
My hair is hardly gray;
But now I cannot laugh like you—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow,
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave,
Don't interrupt your play,
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Dog Days.—The inquiry, says the Boston Mail, is often made by persons who ought to be informed on the subject, why it is that the days intervening between the 30th July and the 10th of September, are called Dog Days. Many think that during this time dogs are subject to certain diseases, and their ignorance ought to be enlightened. The true reason is an astronomical one. The sun's path as it is called, but more properly the earth's orbit, is divided into parts, which are noted by certain fixed stars. That from July 30 to September 10, the sun's path lies under the star Sirius, which is in the constellation Can. Major, or Great Dog. This constellation consists of thirty-one stars, of which Sirius is the brightest, and often takes the name of the dog star.

This is what gives the name to Dog Days, and those who fear the dogs will run mad particularly at this time, may dismiss their apprehensions.

The Hand-Writing on the Wall.

BY J. T. HEATLEY.

One evening a royal form was seen walking on the terrace of his palace, and looking off upon the magnificent city at his feet. As his eye swept round the circuit of the walls, fifty miles in circumference, and three hundred and fifty feet high, and saw their hundred lofty gates of brass flashing in the sunbeams, and the hanging gardens suspended nearly four hundred feet in the heavens, loaded with shrubs and waving trees, and sparkling with fountains that leaped from beneath gayly decorated arches, and below, on the wilderness of palaces and dwellings at his feet, his lips murmured, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" And well he might indulge in vain boasting, and believe that thought, but an earthquake that should sink the land could shake the city of his pride. Those massive walls broad enough for eight or ten carriages to drive abreast upon them, rose higher than the loftiest spire of our land, till the clouds seemed to rest on their summit, while around a deep ditch was sunk filled by the Euphrates. Twenty five gates of brass upon each of the four sides with strong towers between, bade defiance to mangled or battering ram, while the boldest might shrink from scaling those slippery heights. Fifty streets, each a hundred and fifty feet broad and fifteen miles long, went from gate to gate, lined with palaces and temples, and towers crowned with arches, till the eye ached with the magnificence and grandeur that met it at every turn.

But deep down amid these costly piles was a far different scene. By the streams and fountains over which the willows wept, sat a band of Hebrew captives, their harps hanging upon the drooping branches, and their heads bowed in grief. To the gay promenaders who passed as they passed, and asked them to sing one of their native melodies, they replied with tears. In that strange land they could not sing, for their hearts were too full of Zion and her sad fate. They were the prisoners left from the spoils of Jerusalem; but their tears and prayers as they sat there, scorned and desolate, were shaking that proud city to its overthrow. Little did the haughty monarch think, as he looked on his stronghold, that the cries of those neglected captives were bringing down the lightning of heaven on its towers and battlements, and to redress their wrongs fell at that moment the voice from heaven which startled him like a thunder-peal, "Thy kingdom is departed from thee."

Years have passed by, and Nebuchadnezzar is in his tomb, resting in more than regal splendor, amid the despots who have gone before him; and another occupies his throne as haughty and wicked as he. Belsazzar too has heard, but not heeded, the first mutterings of the coming storm. The Persian thousands have swarmed for a long time around the city to overthrow it, and thudered on its massive walls and brazen gates in vain. Equally vain were the attempts to scale their heights from lofty towers, of palm trees; and so the baffled sat down to starve the impregnable city into submission, and for two years had hedged it in with a wall of men. At this last attempt, also, the self-confident monarch laughs, for his granaries are stored with provisions for twenty years. The prophets may prophesy and the captives pray; he mucks at them all, and girdled by his impregnable walls and fortresses, and surrounded by his myriad troops, he says: "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God."

It is a night of festivity, and the bacchanal song and shout ring through the crowded streets of Babylon. Around her ancient towers, the reeling multitude cry hosannas to their gods. Wine flows like water, and lust and revelry walk the streets unchecked. In a magnificent palace, apart from the tumultuous crowd, the king is feasting a thousand of his lords. It is a gorgeous room, columns within columns, arch above arch, long corridors, magnificent statues, costly hangings, leaping fountains, and an endless profusion of ornaments combine to form a scene of such dazzling splendor, that the unaccustomed spectator is bewildered and lost in its midst. It is illuminated by lights from golden candlesticks, beneath which is spread a table loaded with golden vessels.

Princes and nobles, wives and mistresses, arrayed in splendid apparel—women whose beauty out-dazzles the splendor that surrounds them—men of renown—the gay, the voluptuous, and the proud are there, making the arches ring with their songs of revelry and shouts of mirth. Ever and anon come bursts of music, now swelling triumphantly through the air, and now dying away through the soft and lulling cadences, while the perfume from burning censers, is wafted in clouds over the intoxicated revellers.

At length the king, exalted with wine, exclaimed, "Bring forth the vessels of gold that were taken from the Hebrews' temple; and the servant brought them in. Gorgeous

vessels they were, as they stood upon the table covered with sacred emblems, and made holy by their dedication to the God of heaven, and filling them with wine, drank confusion to the God of Israel and "praised their gods of gold and silver and brass and stone." In the midst of their sacrifice, just as their mirth and madness had reached the highest point, there "CAME FORTH FINGERS OF A MAN'S HAND, AND WROTE UPON THE PLASTER OF THE WALL." The sudden flash of that illuminated hand out-dazzled the brilliancy of the lighted room, and as the slowly moving fingers silently traced the letters of fire before their eyes, terror and dismay fell on the revellers. The startled monarch turned paler than the marble beside him, the untasted goblet fell from his hand, and his knees smote together. Those loudest in their mirth suddenly grew silent as death; the seductive music stopped in its most joyous burst, and stillness, broken only by the half-suppressed shriek of the fainting, or tremulous sigh of utter fear, reigned through the vast apartment. When the dread line was finished, the finger still pointed voicelessly to it, saying in language more impressive than loudest thunder, "READ THY DOOM." Oh! what a sudden change had passed over that hall of riotous mirth; every mouth was closed, every eye fixed, and the upturned faces of the throng wore a ghastly hue in the light of that blazing hand and those letters of flame.

At length the king broke the silence, and cried aloud for his astrologers and wise men to read the mysterious writing for him. They gazed and turned awestruck and terrified. Then Daniel, one of the Hebrew captives who had been brought a mere boy from Jerusalem, but had grown into favor with the monarch's father, interpreted his dreams and foretold his doom—was brought in. Turning to those fiery letters written in his own language, he slowly read, "MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN." Then looking steadfastly on the trembling, pallid king, he unfolded his crimes before him, and pointing to the God he had scorned, whose mandates he had trampled under foot, he read aloud the doom written there in letters of fire on the walls of his own palace: "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; for 'thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting; thy kingdom is divided, given to the Medes and Persians.'"

He turned away, and scarcely had his footsteps died along the silent corridors, when a distant murmur, like the far off sound of bursting billows arose over the city. It was not the tramp and shout of the drunken multitude. Steiner sounds than the hurrahs of revellers, and steeper footsteps than those of teeming men commingled there—the battle cry of charging thousands, and the measured tread of an army moving to battle. The Euphrates had been turned from its channel, and underneath the ponderous gates that closed over its waters, the Persian host had entered, and were now pouring in countless numbers through the streets. In a moment the vast city was in an uproar, and from limit to limit rung the cry of "TO ARMS, TO ARMS," and trumpets pealed and banners waved, and swords clashed, while shouts and shrieks swelled the tumult that gathering force at every step, now rolled like thunder up to the very gates of the palace. The streets ran blood, and horse and foot, the steadily advancing foe, the whirling and mangled fragments of the royal army made a last stand, at the palace gates of their master. He too turned at bay, and throwing himself amid his guard, made one brave effort for his throne. Overborne and trampled under foot, he soon fell amid his followers and the excited conquerors streamed through the royal apartments. They entered the hall of the revellers, and the sacrilegious fell where a moment before they had shouted for their gods. The wise goblets still stood on the table, and the perfume still filled the room; but the hand-writing had disappeared, for its denouncing voice had been fulfilled. The illuminated and gorgeous apartment—the throng of princely feasters—the hand and characters of fire—the battle and the slaughter had succeeded, each other with frightful rapidity, and now the silence of death succeeded all.

Over the sickening scenes of that terrible night we draw the veil of oblivion. A vast and towering city taken by storm and given up to rapine and lust is one of the few spectacles that make us shudder at our race. But Babylon had fallen, and her glory gone forever. In a few years a magnificent ruin was all that remained of her former splendor. Wild beasts and reptiles swarmed through her ancient palaces—the owl hooted in the presence chamber of kings, and the vampire flapped his wings in the apartments once occupied by the beautiful and the proud. Her strong towers and battlements slowly crumbled back to their original dust, and silence and desolation reigned, where once the hum of a mighty population had resounded. The dust of the desert has long since covered

the very ruins and the Arab now carelessly pursues his steed over the foundations of the former glory of the world.

"Turn back your eye for a moment a hundred years before this great overthrow. On the hills of Palestine stands a man whose prophetic eye pierces the future, and whose tongue of fire proclaims in language that thrills the blood, the coming doom of Babylon, the mistress of the world." He sees his people carried away captive by her—Jerusalem laid in heaps—the Holy Temple plundered of her treasures, and the God of his fathers held in derision. As he contemplates all this, and then looks beyond and sees the day of vengeance, his soul takes fire, and he pours forth in the loftiest strains of poetry that sublime ode which has no equal on earth. A chorus of Jews first come forth and sing their astonishment at the overthrow of their oppressor. How HATH THE OPPRESSOR CEASED! THE GOLDEN CITY CEASED! "When the whole earth breaks forth into singing," and fir trees and cedars of Lebanon join the anthem, shouting "SINCE THOU ART LAID LOW, NO YELLER IS COME UP AGAINST THEE."

The scene then changes to the regions of the dead, and by the boldest figure ever introduced into poetry, the long line of the departed monarchs of Babylon are made each to start from his sepulchre, where they have reposed in ghastly rows for ages, and as they move towards the mouth of the gloomy cavern to welcome the last of their race, they chant to the fallen king, "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming—it surges up to the dead for thee, all the chiefs of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. Art thou, they exclaim in derision, 'become as weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the word is spread over thee and the worms cover thee.' This funeral and scornful welcome being over, the people of God again break forth with the triumphant apostrophe, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground that didst weaken the nations!"

A hundred years before the downfall of this vast empire, while Babylon ruled the world, was this sublime and prophetic ode sung by Isaiah. The septic may deride the prophecy, but he cannot escape the effect of the sublime language in which it is uttered. The opening of Byron's great ode to Napoleon is a weak imitation, or rather poor paraphrase of it.

"'Tis done—yesterday a king
And armed with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing!
So subject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he misallied the Morning Star,
Nor man, nor fiend hath fallen so far."

* Vide Isaiah xlii, and xlviii.

Suez.

Suez is a desert without its only redeeming quality of freedom. A moldering wall encircles it, except where open to the sea within are several void spaces, differing in no respect from the expanse without, save that they are noisome with an accumulation of filth, and save also that they are bordered by large dreary heaps of dingy-colored houses, which seem about to fall in and bury their sallow inhabitants. Not a green tree or shrub, or a drop of fresh water, and all supplies fetched from a distance, even from Cairo. Scattered about are encampments of pilgrims, mostly Mughraby Arabs, from Western Africa, whose sullen and half-menacing appearance disposes one to give them a wide berth. This dead and alive appearance imposes a melancholy to which one is a stranger in the desert, and made me hurry back to my tent, after a very short walk through the bazaar, and to the muddy beach, along which are scattered some singular vessels, built high at the stern like those of many ages back. The only interesting view was that of the distant mountains towards Sinai, into whose defiles I was now eager to penetrate.

A sexagenarian, regretting that he did not begin in early life to die away his newspapers says: "How interesting it would be to an old man to look into papers which he read when he was twelve or thirteen years old! How many events would this call to mind which he had entirely forgotten! How many interesting associations and feelings would it revive! What a knowledge it would preserve by assisting the memory! And how many valuable purposes of a literary kind even might it be rendered subservient to."

Black Lead.—The lead from which pencil points are made, come from the principal plum-bago mine in the world, at Borrowdale, Cumberland, England.—It is situated in a hill, and instead of being worked constantly, like other mines, is opened once a year, when a sufficient quantity is taken out to supply the world for the year to come, when it is again closed with strong doors, bars and locks, until the next annual supply is required. From the time of Queen Elizabeth it is said that all the fine pencils in the world have been made of the black lead of this mine.

Industry.—Every man should remember that the world always has and will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise; the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure respect of the wise and the good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and a life of peace and contentment. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find the well-spring of enjoyment in your own souls, and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

A Democrat office-holder in the Sixth Auditor's office, saved himself, they say, by a bon mot. Many men, in revolutionary times have, as history records, saved their heads in that way.

T. Babington Macaulay.

A correspondent of the Boston Times gives the following description of the personal appearance of the great essayist and historian, T. B. Macaulay:

"In English literature there is but one name now that is upon every lip, as his writings are in every hand—that is the name of Thomas Babington Macaulay. I saw the great historian the other day, and certainly his looks disappointed me; for, instead of the thin, spiritual countenance which I looked for in the author of the enthusiastic 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and the 'History of England,' which is half poetry, I found a hale, bluff individual, of more than middle stature, with a full, solid, oval face, brow slightly retreating, and rather large neck and shoulders, though with a very lively and bright expression of countenance. Mr. Macaulay is speaking with some gesture everything which he says, with emphasis. His splendid contributions to the Edinburgh Review, while he was a contemporary writer for that periodical with Mackintosh, Sidney Smith and Jeffrey, won my enthusiastic admiration, and his history of England, or rather essay on English history, &c., as far as it has gone, attracts me irresistibly to its pages. No writer of the present day is so rich in thought as Macaulay, and no one can clothe his thoughts in nobler language. But regret mingles with my admiration. Twice he represented Edinburgh in Parliament, a city worthy of a true man. But in 1846 he lost his election, not because he was overpowered by the electing arts of some petty party politician—not because the eccentricities of genius made him one of those unpopular great men who are so often found in retirement, but because he refused to join in that grand movement which is everywhere making for the up-raising of the masses; and which is destined to know no cessation, though it may feel many a check, till the rights of kings shall pass away, and Liberty, Equality and Fraternity be the actual condition as they are now the wish of nations. It was for preventing recedent to these sentiments that the voters of Edinburgh dismissed the ablest and most brilliant writer of the day, and chose instead the humble paper maker and sturdy republican Charles Cowan. They were not content to have Mr. Macaulay speak speciously of liberty, and then as speciously give up these principles of which he might have been and was expected to be, the ablest champion. But in his poems, in his essays and in his magnificent travels over the world, of general history, in his bold conceptions and wonderful art, in his power to clothe in animated, vivid, passionate thought the most common truths in philosophy, in his vigorous eloquence and luminous strength, he is surpassed by few in ancient and by none in modern literature."

Women love flowers, and flowers are like women in their beauty and sweetness, so they ought to grow up together. No flower-garden looks complete without a woman in it, and no woman ever seems so lovely as when she is surrounded by flowers.

Black Lead.—The lead from which pencil points are made, come from the principal plum-bago mine in the world, at Borrowdale, Cumberland, England.—It is situated in a hill, and instead of being worked constantly, like other mines, is opened once a year, when a sufficient quantity is taken out to supply the world for the year to come, when it is again closed with strong doors, bars and locks, until the next annual supply is required. From the time of Queen Elizabeth it is said that all the fine pencils in the world have been made of the black lead of this mine.

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In this case, the condemned office-holder acknowledged his crime of democratic politics but claimed exemption from removal under that clause of the constitution which says "that no person shall be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy," he having been turned out by Granger, as a loco foco, in 1841.

An editor received a letter in which weather was spelled "wether." He said it was the worst "spell" of weather he had ever seen.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

My Little Boys.

FROM THE SCHOOL-TEACHER.

I have some bright little boys, and we live in a pleasant country home, and as most of your young readers live in cities or villages, I thought they might like to know how boys could be happy who have no soldiers, circus or candy shops to amuse them. Our little boys are as merry as the day is long, unless one of them happens to stomp his toe, or another takes a stumble, or another has a kiss from his mother, or a "revere" from his father, or "try it again" from brother, brings all to rights.

Shall I tell you how early they rise in the winter? Sometimes they continue to see the stars in the morning, but that is only about Christmas. There is a great play of fat highwood about, and they have it ready, and often jump up and have a fine fire before my eyes are quite open. As soon as they are dressed, out they go, run or shine, and take a run round the yard and let what for I do not know, unless it be to see whether the cow jumped over the moon, or any other strange thing happened during the night.

At one time, their first sport in the morning was to sit upon the fence and sing a whoop, a whoop, half a dozen times and they were answered by two other little boys, on a neighbor's fence, and then they would run and meet each other, and have a fine romp until the prayer bell rang. When this bell rings they leave their play; take their seats, and listen intently while their father reads the Bible and prays to God, then they say their prayers together. I think brothers and sisters who pray in this way every day must love each other more than those who do not—what do you think? After prayers they are ready for the breakfast-table, and they know very well how to manage the nice hominy and baked-beans, and biscuits, sausages, and spareribs, and all the other winter goodies. They love to sit round the breakfast-table and let what for they come with the pot of boiling water, off they go—I suppose they are afraid of being scolded with the dishes. Some another bell rings, and they know that it is for study, and as the rule is to study first and pleasure afterwards, they take their books quietly. Sometimes, however, they are interrupted, and the baby is the greatest plague of all—he wants to be as busy as any body and has a particular fancy for the dandruffs in the arithmetic.

When twelve o'clock comes they are fresh as air and away they go, followed by Carlo and Nero to hunt rabbits, or squirrels, or rabbits or partridges, or whatever they can find.

"One day (it was a birthday) they went to look for a rabbit's nest, they looked all about the bushes, and it has some one called out, 'I've found it! I've found it!' and sure enough there was a nice, snug nest, and six beautiful eggs as large as hen's eggs, but a great deal prettier, for they were all of different colors. The children were delighted and often after that they tried to find another nest, but they never did find one. After a long time I told them how it happened that they found that one, and I dare say your mother will tell you if you ask her."

When the boys are tired of running about they often lie down on the great piles of dead leaves that have heaped against the fence, and sometimes they bury themselves in them.

By dinner time they are very hungry, and as soon as they have done they are ready for a walk or a hunt with father or brother; sometimes they walk four or five miles.—Once they went so far that their little fellow was tired out, and his father had to ride him on his back; and his brother told him he would shoot at the moon, and tried to persuade him to run and pick it up. Another time when they were out a little further than the beautiful clouds that he insisted on walking up to the sky.

By the time it is dark they are quite ready to come in, and sitting by a roaring fire, they love to talk and sing, and hear their father read, or tell beautiful stories, and after prayers they are snugly tucked in bed again. They are very happy little boys, and I think God is kind indeed to make us so that we can be happy any where, if we only try to do His will, and to be kind and affectionate to all.

WONDERFUL SARCINITY OF A HORSE.

The following incident is related by the Lang Point Advocate: "A few days since, as we were leaving our residence on our usual morning visit to the Advocate office, a sorrel horse belonging to us, galloped up and caught our car, and made an attempt to pull us in the direction he wished to go. He then, and went off at a quick gallop towards a pasture on our farm about a quarter of a mile distant from our residence. In a few minutes he approached us again, making an unusual noise, and seemed by his actions to desire us to follow him. This we did, and when we reached the pasture we observed the mate of the horse entangled in a bridge, which broke through with him. After we had extricated his companion from his dangerous position, the horse which had given us notice of his companion's danger, came up and rubbed his head against us, showing evident signs of great satisfaction."

An editor received a letter in which weather was spelled "wether." He said it was the worst "spell" of weather he had ever seen.

The former.

Clover for Horses.

It is a common remark, that clover hay, if fed to horses any length of time, occasions a cough, and greatly aggravates, if it does not occasion the disease. There are two remedies for this. One is to deposit the hay in a manger, instead of a rack. The leaves of clover cured after the old fashion are so dry and crisp, and then crumble and pulverize as they are drawn from the rack, occasioning dust, which being inhaled irritates the lungs, and hence coughs, &c. In taking up the hay from the manger, no dust is created. Another and better remedy is to cure clover in the right manner. By curing it in the rack instead of spreading and turning again and again, its leaves become wilted, instead of becoming crisp, and do not crumble. Thus not only is immense labor in curing saved, but no considerable loss in crumbling of the leaves, to say nothing of the pernicious effects spoken of.

Cure for Spavin.

Take oil of amber, oil of spike, and spirits of turpentine, equal parts, say 4 ounces; warm them on some hot ashes, with no blaze, and apply them as warm as you can to the spavin by pouring on and rubbing in well with the ball of your thumb, (first have the hair off the spavin); this must be repeated twice a day for two days, when, if well rubbed, it will become a running sore. Wet a sponge with the substance, and apply it twice a day for three days, then stop for three days, and if the spavin does not disappear, repeat the course three days longer, and let the sore heal. Wash it with plain lard scalded and suds from castle soap. As soon as the sore is closed, commence rubbing with lard or tallow butter, and the spavin will disappear, and the hair will grow in the same color.

Fruit Trees.

The new method of raising fruit trees by planting the scions, is a great desideratum in the art of obtaining good fruit. It has many advantages over grafting, because it is more expeditious, and requires no stock nor tree. They may be planted where they are required to stand, and the labor for one day will be sufficient to plant out enough for a large orchard after the scions are obtained. The method of preparing the plant is as follows: Take the scion as for grafting, and at any time after the first of February and until the buds begin to grow considerably, and dip each end of the shoot into melted pitch, wax or tallow, and bury it in the ground, the buds uppermost whilst the body lies in a horizontal position and at the depth of two or three inches. We are informed that trees obtained in this way will bear in four years from the time of planting. We have no doubt of the practicability of this method of raising fruit. A gentleman in this vicinity the last season, planted about twenty scions of different kinds of pears which appear to flourish. The composition he used was melted shoemaker's wax.—Cultivator.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE WATER FOR CATTLE.

"Laurence in his Farmers' and Graziers' complete Guide, has the following: "Dr. Jenner, who conferred that great blessing on mankind—the cow-pock inoculation considered that giving pure water to cows was of more importance than persons are generally aware. There were farmers in his neighborhood, whose cows, while they drank the pond water, were rarely ever free from red water or swollen udders, and the losses they sustained from these causes, together with the numerous abortions their cows suffered, increased to an alarming extent. One of them at length, supposing that the water they drank had something to do with producing their disorders, sunk three wells on different parts of the farm, and pumped the water into troughs for the cattle. His success was gratifying; the red water soon ceased, the swellings of the udder subsided; and the produce of the renovated animals increased both in quantity and quality. Other farmers followed the same practice; and in less than six months not a case of red water, swollen udder, or abortion, was heard of in the neighborhood."

MONTGOMERY PRIZE HAM.—Mr. Nathan White, of Montgomery county, Maryland, gives the following recipe by which the prize ham of the late fair was cured:

"The pork should be perfectly cold before cut up. The hams should be salted with bloom salts, with a portion of red pepper, and about a gill of molasses to each ham. Let them remain in salt five weeks; then hang them up and smoke with hickory wood for five or six weeks. About the first of April take them down, and wash them with cold water, and let them lie well rubbed with unleached ashes. Let them remain in bulk for several days, and then hang them in the loft again for use."

ANOTHER SUSPENSION BRIDGE is being built across the Niagara river at Lewistown, about seven miles below the Falls. It is to be one hundred feet longer than the one at Niagara, and when finished will be the most stupendous work of the kind in the world.